

Upper Wharfedale -

+ T. Bolton Abbey

Perhaps no part of England affords more delightful walking than the Deanery of Craven in the West Riding. It is a mountain-country, with lovely valleys & sparkling streams, & its peculiar geological formation causes effects of colour & colour as pleasing to the mind as they are interesting to the man of science. Ruins of abbey & castle, most picturesquely placed, which belong many a romantic tale & historic memory, are freely scattered in the dales - that is, the habitable parts of this moorland district; still not even Sussex, or any one of the eastern counties, is so rich in churches of the most venerable antiquity.

Craven includes the upper courses of three rivers which rise within a few miles from another in the western moorlands; the Wharfe & the Ribble, whose sources lie close together. But to all appearance a little spad's labour might make one stream of them, & the more placid one which begins its career with Ure, as a considerable stream issuing from the base of half-a-mile of limestone rock. Of the three sister valleys that open Wharfedale at once the most beautiful & the most interesting; it is also the most secluded, for railway communication in the valley ends at Skipton, & Upper Wharfedale - always excepting Bolton Woods with ~~part of Skipton~~.

13 p.m. 34

with its incomparable air & enchanting prospects is practically Terra incognita. where you may walk the highways for half a day without meeting a second wayfarer. Yet it is easy enough to travel here; the roads are good. the population is scattered in pleasant villages at easy distances. several of these have post offices for the accommodation of anglers - the Dales abounds in trout - a "Mail Omnibus" runs daily between Skipton & Buckden, the last considerable village in the valley.

The general credit of Wharfedale suffers from the very circumstance that it contains one of the ~~loveliest~~ ^{best} ~~best~~ ^{bottom woods,} ~~bottom woods~~ places in England. Still on the other hand, the greater & better ~~of~~ ^{but} Boltor ~~of~~ ^{but} takes a certain disconcert of his admiration; says it is all very beautiful, quite perfect indeed, but for his part he prefers the wildness of nature left to herself. But the fact is, the scenery of the whole of Wharfedale is park-like; everywhere is a broad bottom of lawn-like pastures finely sprinkled with trees, ~~green~~ ^{grey} fast ~~a~~ ^{the} ~~expanses~~ ^{valley} for the most part. Through which the Wharfe winds between thickly wooded banks, still the fields ~~still~~ ^{now} enclose the valley draw up to the river's brink, now on this side, now on that. Broken forest patches stretch all along these fields, creeping now & then ^{below} ~~out~~ into the valley, & between the woods are green stretches of "high pastures" still above the green lower fields from over the dark rim of the moors.

1393 Anne 34

to present at the first "Feast of Brougham Castle" which
words work has a "song" upon.
The good Lord Henry did not neglect the duties of his
station. His descendant, the lady Anne Clifford,
herself, a most wise, valiant, noble lady, describes
him as "a plain man, who lived for the most
part a country life, & was seldom either to come
or to London, excepting when called to Parliament;
on such occasions he behaved himself like a
wise & good English gentleman." Twice, at
anyrate, he held the King's commission; & on
one other occasion, when he was nearly six
he led the men of Lancaster in the campaign which
ended in Flodden Field (1513).—

"From Penrith to Rendle Hill
From Linton to by Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts could tell,

They with the lusty Clifford came:

The names of all now went out to Flodden with
Lord Clifford as yet to be seen in the ~~Death~~ Roll
of Bolton Abbey. The Shepherd, but 'was only
a man, & with half a dozen castles to choose from
he loved best the solitudes of Barlow. Here he
cultivated a gentle friendship with the monk
of Rother, who shared his delight in certain occult
studies. He spent much time in the restoration
of his various castles, which had been laid waste
during the long wars of the roses.

A gain, in the Civil Wars of Charles I., the castles of the
Cliffords were laid waste, & this time, (about 1650), they
were restored by woman, Anne, Countess of
Pembroke, whom we have already spoken. Among
the castles restored by her is the ancient fortress
of the Cliffords in the pleasant market-town of Skipton
Following the course of the river, an easy walk
brings us to Ilkley, a delightful health resort situated on

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in the edge of Rumbolds Moor - a broad gill soon
dividing the ~~the~~ valley from that of the Aire. It
is said to be named from the Giant Rumbold, who
left his foot mark on the Cow & Calf rocks, above
Bent Rhaydding, in skipping across from the cliffs
on the opposite side of the valley. Another story is
that Rumbold's Moors preserves the name of William
de Rumbold, the first Norman Baron of Skipton.
The present importance of Ilkley rests upon its
hydro-saline establishments, Bent Rhaydding,
Ilkley Wells, Hotel, &c., but the bright little town
is interesting to the antiquary for other reasons.
Roman remains are ~~where~~ continually turning
up. The outlines of Roman fortresses are yet to
be traced, crudely carved 'Saxon Crosses' are
preserved in the church-yard, & though ever
Saxons or Romans came, Ilkley appears to
have latter rank as a British city, as it has
been satisfactorily identified with the "Alicene"
which Ptolemy sets down amongst the cities
of the Brigantes.

Between Ilkley & Otley there is a fine reach
of the Wharfe valley, verdant, well wooded, with
the broad gill sides flowing through it, backed by
high crags, & containing two or three interesting
places - Farnley Hall, with reminiscences of Turner
& a very valuable collection of his pictures,
Denton Park, where was the ancient hall of the
Fairfaxes, & Weston Hall. Otley, a pleasant
market-town, has some Fairfax monuments in
its interesting church. Otley Chevin, a fine
hill, near, woofful high, falling steeply to the town,
commands a glorious view not only of Upper
Wharfedale, but of the ^{more} ~~the~~ Vale of York.

in fell after fell, the strata dip at the self-same
angle, an evidence of the existence of the
"Craven fault"; which affects the whole district.
From the bottom of the fells the aspect of the scene
is very wild; enormous crags are scattered about,
the grey scar rises steep & awful before you, leaning
forward with cutting broad as ^{is} ^{1305cm. 34} ~~is~~ in the last to fall & crush out
with puny life.

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without a doubt that the provincial towns of France & those in England are essentially different. <sup>the factor
that the dwellers in a French town enjoy certain advantages over the English towns
in the former case, to determine, in
particular, this difference is owing, indeed, to
it consists? population as compared with that of London.</sup>

Let us glance for a moment at the great mediaeval towns in their day, the manufacturing commercial centres of Europe. ^{at the beginning of their history} The famous cities of the Hanse, like the illustrious republics of northern Italy, were all free towns; no feudal lordship overshadowed them, no remote state authority directed their public works: therefore each city developed according to the mind of its own people; customs, laws, edifices, all expressed what may be called the municipal character. The sense of the community as to what was fitting for such & such purposes & occasions. Hence, every store of the antique civic building, every shred of tradition as to the old customs, is full of interest as shewing us what manner of men these mediaeval citizens were.

Do the great cities of our day offer any parallel to those of the Middle Ages in this point of autonomy, the self-government & self-development which gives to a great town a philosophic interest, as being, in its institutions & edifices, as in its customs, the outcome of the common mind?

The cities of continental Europe which belong to the past are, for the most part, richly individual, whilst those whose aspect & character are due to the influences of the present display the dreary uniformity, often splendid enough, much less pliant. Little organization; magnificence

September 4th

"o' Neersun; valiad world answers
comt to abit from the mouth of the ha'.
Aye, they answer each other like Christ & ^{the} Devil
as you may have heard a cock answer his
hens." "Y' Spokesman has nought much to
do but follow his dog; t' dog smells t' bird
& stand still; then t' master comes up &
gives him a push & he goes a bit forward
& stand, at last t' bird rises. Saturday
was a hot-de', at birds was kind o'mayed.
They keep close to t' ground & was slow, or
after each other, so that t' men had time to
get a shot at every bird. But later on
we drive 'em. A t' lads in t' village pump
timbers wi' one tin pot. & they shout & holler
& make a noise they know how; & t' shooters
stand in a line, & we drive t' birds up to them
& they fill their bags ~~except enough~~."

Leaving the grey church behind -- you
wander up a grassy green lane leading
to one of the "feling holes" in the hill-sides
which form a feature of this limestone country.
You find yourself at first of Penygwent,
not 500 yards from it you would suppose
but there is much unseen walking
between you & the mountain which is
fully six miles off. A flying scud of
light, ragged clouds chase each other round the
top, such rises before you. Sheep & ewe-like
reaching the valley level by two or three huge
noses. The sides are steep, & grassy-green.